

1465.c12

1-4

THE  
C O N T R A S T .  
A  
P O E M .

P. O. B. 11

3/

THE,  
CONTRAST:  
OR, A  
COMPARISON  
BETWEEN THE  
CHARACTERS  
OF THE  
ENGLISH AND IRISH,  
IN THE YEAR 1780.  
A  
P O E M

---

DUBLIN:

Printed for WILLIAM HALLHEAD, No 63,  
Dame-Street.  
MDCCCLXXX.



THE  
CONTRACT  
OF A  
COMPANION  
BETWEEN THE  
CHARACTERS  
OF THE



P O E 44 M

9 140 7

Printed for William Harrison, No. 13,  
St. Paul's Church-yard,  
LONDON.



THE  
CONTRAST.  
A POEM.

OH *Britain!* fav'rite seat of arts and arms,  
Where free-born virtue spread her brightest  
    charms,  
How sunk, how lost!—the boding fears arise,  
'Thy wealth, thy pleasures call forth patriot  
    fighs.

Where are the days, the blest the sacred  
    days,  
When *English* honour shone, with cloudless  
    rays;

When equal laws their vig'rous arms display'd,

And wit, and genius sported in the shade?

Then public zeal in private worth began,

And rose, and grew to citizen from man. 10

A band of virtues trod thy fertile ground,

And freedom smil'd, and all things smil'd  
around.

Alas the change!—While vice the soul depraves,

And soft pollutions melt down men to slaves:

For public crimes in private vice begin,

And gen'ral luxury is general sin.

Unhallow'd pleasures stain the manly breast;

The pomp and riches of the golden East,

With torrid fury from th' ascendant strike, 20

To blast the body and the soul alike:

Fair truth and virtue from their path retire,  
And radiant honour veils the modest fire.

Where shall we find in these degen'rate days,  
The voice of warning, or the guiding rays;  
The heav'n-taught knowledge which with  
thought began,

Stamp'd by th' Eternal on unspotted man ;  
That sacred eye, that sure instinctive light,  
That beam of god-head, darting on the right.  
Too well, too well, the world is understood,  
To seek for private, now, in public good ; 30  
*Britons* your aims to mighty self advance  
One step beyond is fiction <sup>is</sup> and romance.

To vilest means the thirst of pleasure bends ;  
It knows no country, and it owns no friends.  
Thou darling *Rachel* of the modern throng,  
Bright in thy charms, resistless in thy song ;



To gain thy smiles what purchase is too dear ?  
 What task too mean ? what bondage too severe ?  
 Enjoy'd, yet fought with unabated flame,  
 With years of toil, eternity of shame ; 40  
 By thee the statesmen bows th' ingenuous  
     bands,

To act his earthly and abhorr'd commands ;  
 When captive souls are drawn to fatal bow'rs,  
 And bowls of riot crown'd with poison'd

*flowers.  
 Seducers then an easy conquest find,  
 And distant Virtue lies on the mind.*

\* In mortal apathy, (the surest sign  
 Of virtue lost and nations in decline)  
 Th' enfeebled <sup>soul</sup> ~~mind~~, is lifeless, cold and dead ;  
 And taste alike for books, and virtue fled.  
 While wit and humour scorn the polish'd land  
 More luscious food the courtly throng demand.

*The Pulse of mental Vigour dies away,  
 Lethargic Symptom of the wide Decay,*

The callous mind, which sometimes felt of yore,  
 Is touch'd and charm'd by ridicule no more. 50  
 Fair truth is banish'd; fritter'd manly sense,  
 To flimsy canting and to vain pretence.

Tread soft ye poets!—spare th' ill-manner'd  
 jest,

And lull with sentiment the slumb'ring breast;  
 Exotic words, with hackney'd thoughts com-  
 bine,

Let decent dullness labour thro' the line;  
 Forbid the rhyme with clumsy strength to  
 rage

From poison'd satire weed the level page.

Behold in groupes the silken bands retire:

Ah spare to scorch them with poetic fire. 60

A foul deform'd can ill the glass endure;

Thus books grow chaste, as men becomes im-  
 pure.

In such an age, and such ill-fated soil,  
No gen'rous vouths pursue the letter'd toil,  
Or schemes of good by midnight tapers plan :  
Far other studies form the rising man.

Thou soaring spirit ! whom ambition fires,  
No classic lore thine ardent wish requires.  
Thy hopeful youth by living patterns frame ;  
Look not on books, they wake a dang'rous  
flame. 70

For what can schoolmen, what historians  
teach,

But barren virtues thou must never reach ?  
What aid can *Livy* ? what can *Plato* give ?  
Go to the brothell, and be taught to live ;—  
Or seek the sage, with dice-box in his hand,  
Who forms the future statesmen of the land ;



Learn, learn from him, to weigh the nation's  
fate,

The mighty chances in a cast of state.

Thy conscious eye shall in thyself behold,

How vile is manhood, and how precious gold.

The *Delphic* lesson \* best is taught by vice, 81

We learn our value, and we make our price.

Or is there one, whom slavish tasks offend,

Whose center'd soul would on itself depend ;

He wisely seeks soft oriental climes,

And works his fortune out, by bolder crimes :

That eastern treasures may a borough win ;

And nobly raise the current price of sin.

He pours corruption in a golden flood,

And gives to perjury the price of blood, 90

Thus shall his deeds their harmony maintain ;

Guilty alike to lavish and to gain.

\* *YOUNG* SAUTON. *Know thyself*

No lights and shades commix'd in chequer'd  
strife,

One genuine blackness cloths consistent life.

Ye heav'ns ! in mercy to the feeling few,  
Snatch both the past and present from their  
view.

Hide from ingenuous youth the classic tome,  
Th' immortal monuments of *Greece* and *Rome* ;  
Where free-born genius, by the graces drest,  
Led wisdom forth, and thron'd her in the  
breast.

100

Oh why behold the noble and refin'd  
The form of virtue rushing on the mind,  
Embody'd seen by youths of antient fame,  
Tho' wasted now to shade and airy name? —  
Of old she kindled inexpressive love,  
And *Greeks* and *Romans* for her beauties strove.

Now, should she come to woo the *British*  
train,

Her brightest beauties were display'd in  
vain;

Condemn'd, proscrib'd, ah! whither could she  
fly?

To what fond bosom? or what kindling  
Eye? 110

Unhappy land! by antient forms un-  
done,

The body left, the quick'ning spirit gone.

As some fair oak which once his arms dis-  
play'd,

To birds a dwelling, and to beasts a shade;

The gen'rous sap when creeping ivy drains,

Blasts the young shoots, and dries the swell-  
ling veins;



Decay'd it stands, empoisoned and deform,  
From lightnings black, and shiver'd by the  
storm.

But cease my muse, forbear thy sullen  
song;  
Nor brood in anguish o'er the venal throng.  
Attend *Ierne* to the goal of fame, 121  
A rising nation starting for a name.  
Behold the beams of future glory rise,  
And bright suffusions stream along the skies.  
See dawning arts the land of saints adorn,  
Oh hail the day-spring of the glorious  
morn.

When this green isle rose beauteous from  
the main,  
The loves and feelings rose, a gentle train.

The air was balmy, light the zephyrs flew,  
 A golden lustre streak'd th' ethereal blue; 130  
 With genial softness, gratulation mild,  
 The morn like that of first creation smil'd.  
 A graceful form, our guardian genius stood,  
 And loose his rayment wanton'd o'er the  
     flood,  
 Celestial green, enwrought with purple flow'r's,  
 By subtle spirits wove in airy bow'rs;  
 His auburn hair in shining tresses flow'd,  
 His polish'd cheek with youth immortal  
     glow'd;  
 A crown of coral on his head he wore,  
 The tuneful emblem of our isle he bore. 140  
 And thrice he wav'd his hand, and round  
     him came  
 A thousand ministers of subtle flame.

" And haste my spirits to your new domain,  
 " With wakeful pinions shade the fav'rite  
     " plain :  
 " The breezes temper, shed profusion round ;  
 " And purge from venom'd thing the holy  
     " ground.  
 " Oh still as now, her guiltless people save,  
 " Her virgins modest, and her striplings  
     " brave.  
 " Let av'rice ne'er debase the manly mind,  
 " Nor guilty flames pollute the softer  
     " kind."

150

They to their task.---<sup>Which</sup> ~~which~~ borne by vernal  
 airs,

The *Genius* to the pow'rs of fate repairs,  
 That ply the loom in adamantin bowr's,  
 As round their labours <sup>wait</sup> ~~with~~ th' obedient hours.



“ Some boon he cry’d (and wreath’d a  
beamy smile)

“ Some happy portion for my darling isle.”—

The best of boons consenting fate decreed,  
The gen’rous purpose, and heroic deed ;  
But sternly added——“ Long th’ *Iernian* train,  
“ Shall pant and droop beneath the galling  
“ chain ; 160  
“ And long shall *Britain* vaunt with cruel joy,  
“ The pow’r of fiends and demons to destroy.  
“ Her deadly arts shall curse the teeming land,  
“ And blast the labours of th’ industrious  
“ band.  
“ Where plenty woes, and commerce hails the  
“ plain,  
“ Shall want and famine stretch their gloomy  
“ reign.

“ Yet sure, tho’ late, shall commerce crown

“ the foil

“ And plenty hail, and freedom guard the

“ toil.”

So fate decreed.—for mournful ages past,  
Our land, our lives, our talents run to waste.  
No blessing left us but the vital air, 171  
Th’ exhausted natives sunk in deep despair.  
To distant climes, some bolder spirits fled ;  
They fought for freedom, and for freedom  
x      bled.

While haughty *Britain* in th’ ascendant  
towl’d

A baleful night on sad *Ierne* lowr’d.

Dark dark eclipse, without all hope of day,

No wand’ring brightness, no reluctant ray.

*† 2 / 1841 Lucy*

But now 'tis o'er, the noxious ~~blaze~~ declines,  
And as it sinks, our better planet shines.

The hour is come ;---And hark ; the voice that  
cries, 181

“ My sons, to freedom and to commerce rise ;

“ The God of Wealth shall bless the fav'rite

“ plain,

“ Arise, and claim your portion of the main.---

~~See arts of peace with arts of war combine,~~

~~Allied, united in the vast design.~~

Ev'n coldest spirits catch the gen'rous flame,

Ev'n meanest natures feel the godlike aim ;

An active heat, that knows nor pause, nor  
rest,

It glows, it flames, it burns from breast to  
breast. 190

The busy murmur of th' industrious train,

The sound of commerce, flies along the plain.



And hark ! *Ierne* calls her sons to arms ;  
 From plain to plain, we hear the glad alarms.  
 On ev'ry breeze the sacred banners stream ;  
 From hill to hill, the marshal'd squadrons  
     beam.

Not shepherd's carroll now, nor hunter's horn,  
 But piercing fifes awake the ling'ring morn.  
 Not rural sports the village throng delight,  
 But warlike lessons, and the mimic fight. 200  
 See gayly dread the virtuous bands appear,  
 Dear to their country and to freedom dear.  
 No venal braves by some poor stipend led,  
 To sell their worthless blood for daily bread ;  
 No ready engines at a tyrant's word,  
 'Gainst human rights to draw the guilty sword.  
 Awake, alive, possess with glory's charms,  
 'Tis virtue, virtue calls the host to arms.

They blend the citizen's and soldier's name,  
 And reason sanctifies the martial flame. 210  
 Each sacred pledge that human life endears,  
 Each awful call that sounds to virtuous ears :  
 The rising energies of freeborn mind,  
 The glorious ties that honour loves to bind ;  
 And last, the promise of a deathless meed,  
 Shall prompt, nor vainly prompt th' heroic  
 deed.

What honest flames from ev'ry eye-ball dart !  
 What god-like transports heave the bursting  
 heart !

Now virtue reigns, sublime, supreme, confest ;  
 A nation feels her like a single breast.

Oh may we soon in patriot labours see, 221  
 All faiths unite, and partisans agree.

May tender charities, fraternal love,  
 Compose the warring sects that fiercely strove.  
 Ten thousand several paths may lead to heav'n;  
 One, only one, to public weal is giv'n.  
 And concord is that one,—by her alone,  
 Shall commerce, wealth, and freedom be our

*Before your steps at awful Freedom's fall  
 The paltry Barriers of Distinction fall. —  
 The universal Goddess opens her gates divine  
 And all shall And you, fair daughters of th' Hibernian  
 worship at one foil,*

*Common Shrine* Shall you be wanting to the patriot toil? 230

*sume the jea* In story'd volumes lives the immortal praise

*and Doubt, in* Of virtuous dames, in Greek and Roman days.

*the's Flame;* Did public danger private aid demand,

*And sacrifice* They gave their jewels, with no sparing hand;

*her, each* They met their husbands red from glorious

*ious party* wars,

*ame).* And kist with weeping joy their honest scars.



Nor fades the flame, that brightly burn'd of  
yore ;

It warms the *Virgins* ~~maidens~~ of the *Atlantic* shore.

Fair fall the lot of ev'ry gentle maid, 239

Whose lovely hands the work of freedom aid.

Around her, may the vernal moments fling,

The bloomy pleasures from the dewy wing.

For her with pride the gallant heart shall bleed,

For her ev'n cowards dare the mighty deed.

How happy she, whose milder stars require,

No painful virtues, no heroic fire ;

Whose flow'ry lot is fall'n in peaceful days,

When cheap exertions win the patriot praise ;

Whose very foibles give a myriad food,

Whose very luxuries are public good. 250

Not hers, to send a brother to the field ;

To furbish arms, a sire or son must wield ;

To stifle swelling nature's tender cry,  
Then bid farewell without one feeble sigh;  
To banish from her cheek the fearful pale,  
While the loud din comes thund'ring on the  
gale;

To meet a lover on the untimely bier,  
And nobly mourn without a woman's tear.  
Such trials heav'n severely kind ordains

To you, ye daughters of th' *Atlantic* plains. 260  
And while ye nobly bear;—our female band  
Flaunt in the trappings of a foreign land.  
But one poor sacrifice of tinsel pride,  
'Their country claims; and is that boon deny'd?

*Paraph* Oh born with hearts the wretch's pangs to feel!  
Shall idle pomp your tender bosoms steel?  
While foreign robes your polish'd limbs enfold,  
Industrious throngs must shudder in the cold.

That sound of woe—their infants piercing  
cries ! 269

Hear the loud groans of eager anguish rise ;  
And ye the cause.---retire ye guilty fair,---  
Your charms be blasted, and your hopes def-  
pair.

Oh heartless woman ! dar'ft thou wish to prove  
Th' expanding raptures of parental love ?  
To view, to hear, a smiling prattling race ?  
Or bend to fold them in a dear embrace ?  
Here female honour found a peaceful cell ;  
The meek-ey'd train of female virtues dwell.  
What praise is wanting to th' *Hibernian* dame ?  
One, one, alone, to feel the patriot flame. 280  
And she does feel---behold what arts of gain,  
At her soft bidding, spread from plain to plain ;  
What numbers toil to forge the various arms,  
That conq'ring beauty seeks for soft alarms.



Her rising soul unwonted ardour knows ;  
 Her lonely hour in task unwonted flows.  
 Behold the maid her filken warp extend,  
 And cross the woof, and light with shadow  
 blend.

Not such the web as wanton *Helen* \* wove,  
 With tales of wand'ring fill'd and guilty  
 love ;

290

But such, as might in happier days and climes,  
 Beseem the daughters of heroic times.  
 The banner grows beneath her cunning hand,  
 The fure *Palladium* of a freeborn band.

How nobly is the glorious course begun !  
 Oh faint not, fail not, ere the race you run.

\* Homer's *Iliad*, Book III.

~~A fair expanse, the field of virtue lies ;~~  
~~My friends, my brethren, to the labour rise.~~  
 No feeble pause, no cold unmanly stay,  
 Haste, rush, aspire, where glory points the  
 way. 300

Long may our senate feel a virtuous pride,  
 And patriot warmth with temper'd wisdom  
 guide,  
 With frugal care restrain the bounteous hand,  
 And spare the pittance of a beggar'd land.  
 And long our people hold each hand and heart,  
 Conjoin'd, incorporate, no more to part ;  
 Eternal band, the pledge of smiling days,  
 Of patriot ardours, and of virtuous praise.

May *Britain* soon her better int'rest know,  
 Nor spurn the good *Ierne* can bestow ; 310

Her paltry pride, her mean suspicions chace,  
 And win by bounteous acts a grateful race.  
 In many a maze while commerce flows around,  
 New force and value shall to her redound ;  
 Wide and more wide the genial currents born,  
 With rising herbage shall their banks adorn,  
 And scatter plenty, as their path they sweep,  
 Then sink in her as in their parent deep.  
 Or like the blood, with heat informing, roll,  
 Strength to the limbs, and spirit to the soul ;  
 Thro' us diffus'd, as thro' some meaner part,  
 To her returning, as the vital heart. 320  
 While wealth was ours we pour'd it like a  
     flood,  
 And many a plain was red with loyal blood.  
 Where'r the cros of *Britain* streams around,  
*Ierne's* sons array'd in steel are found,



And see our land a recompense unfold  
 More rich, more vast, than mines of purest gold :  
 Here *Britain* shall relume her antient flame,  
 And learn again to glow at virtue's name ;  
 The long lost spark of generous daring find,  
 And purge from sluggish dross the torpid mind ;  
 As bright example lends Promethean heat, 231  
 The palsy'd hearts again for freedom beat.  
 See radiant forms of public zeal arise,  
 They live, they move, they pass before your  
     eyes ;  
 That awful call !—the dread oblivion shake,  
 Hear, Britons, hear, and from your trances  
     wake.  
 Renew the glories of those antient times,  
 When righteous anger flam'd at public crimes.  
 In majesty severe the people rose,  
 And cry'd for vengeance on their common foes ;

A mighty voice, as many waters loud,      31  
As thunder dreadful to the venal croud.

The pitying Heav'ns to give some pond'ring  
space,  
From final ruin sav'd the votive race;  
When ready triumphs seem'd to court their  
foes,  
Envenom'd gales and headlong whirlwinds rose.  
Now, *Britain*, choose, while yet a choice re  
mains;  
Preserve the reliques of thy vast domains.  
The scanty portion winds and billows spare,  
Embrace it, hoard it with a miser's care;      350  
Oh tempt no more the fierce avenging pow'r;  
But seize the present, 'tis th' allotted hour,  
Eventful *now*, that marks thy future doom,  
For rising glories, or eternal gloom;

Restrain thy luxury, controul thy pride,  
Let present ills to future blessings guide;  
Like strong *Anteus* from thy fall arise;  
Rènew'd by weakness, and by madness wise.





